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BEYOND THE PALE.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Love needs not caste nor sleep a bed. I went in search of love and lost myself.—Hindu Proverb.

A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed. Let the white go to the white and the black to the black. Then whatever trouble falls in the ordinary course of things—neither sudden, alien nor unexpected. This is the story of a man who willfully stepped beyond the safe limits of decent everyday society and paid for it heavily.

He knew too much in the first instance, and he saw too much in the second. He took too deep an interest in native life. But he will never do so again.

Deep away in the heart of the city, behind Jitha Megji's bazaar, lies Amir Nath's gully, which ends in a dead wall pierced by one grated window. At the head of the gully is a big cowbyre, and the wall on either side of the gully are without windows. Neither Suchet Singh nor Gaur Chand approves of his women folk looking into the world. If Durga Charan had been of their opinion, he would have been a happier man today, and little Bisesa would have been able to knead her own bread. Her room looked out through the grated window into the narrow dark gully where the sun never came and where the buffaloes wallowed in the blue slime. She was a widow, about 15 years old, and she prayed the gods day and night to send her a lover, for she did not approve of living alone.

One day the man—Trejago his name was—came into Amir Nath's gully on an aimless wandering, and after he had passed the buffaloes stumbled over a big heap of cattle food.

Then he saw that the gully ended in a trap and heard a little laugh from behind the grated window. It was a pretty little laugh, and Trejago, knowing that for all practical purposes the old "Arabian Nights" are good guides, went forward to the window and whispered that verse of "The Love Song of Har Dyal," which begins

Can a man stand upright in the face of the naked sun or a lover in the presence of his beloved?

If my feet fall me, O heart of my heart, am I to blame, being blinded by the glimpse of your beauty?

There came the faint tinkle of a woman's bracelets from behind the grating, and a little voice went on with the song at the fifth verse

Alas, alas! Can the moon tell the Lotus of her love when the gate of heaven is shut and the clouds gather for the rains?

They have taken my beloved and driven her with the pack horses to the north.

There are iron chains on the feet that were set on my heart.

Call to the women to make ready—

The voice stopped suddenly, and Trejago walked out of Amir Nath's gully wondering who in the world could have capped "The Love Song of Har Dyal" so neatly.

Next morning, as he was driving to office, an old woman threw a packet into his dogcart. In the packet was the half of a broken glass bangle, one flower of the blood red dhak, a pinch of bhusa or cattle food and 11 cardamoms. That packet was a letter—not a clumsy, commonplace letter, but an innocent uninitiated lover's epistle.

Trejago knew far too much about these things, as I have said. No Englishman should be able to translate object letters. But Trejago spread all the trifles on the lid of his office box and began to puzzle them out.

A broken glass bangle stands for a Hindoo widow all India over, because,

when her husband dies, a woman's bracelets are broken on her wrists. Trejago saw the meaning of the little bit of the glass. The flower of the dhak means diversely "desire," "come," "write" or "danger," according to the other things with it. One cardamom means "jealousy," but when any article is duplicated in an object letter it loses its symbolic meaning and stands merely for one of a number indicating time, or, if incense, curds or saffron be sent also, place. The message ran then

"A widow—dhak flower and bhusa—at 11 o'clock." The pinch of bhusa enlightened Trejago. He saw—that kind of letter leaves much to instinctive knowledge—that the bhusa referred to the big heap of cattle food over which he had fallen in Amir Nath's gully, and that the message must come from the person behind the grating, she being a widow. So the message ran then "A widow, in the gully in which is the head of bhusa, desires you to come at 11 o'clock."

So he went that very night at 11 into Amir Nath's gully, clad in a boorka, which cloaks a man as well as a woman. Directly the gongs in the city made the hour the little voice behind the grating took up "The Love Song of Har Dyal" at the verse where the Paythan girl calls upon Har Dyal to return. The song is really pretty in the vernacular. In the English you miss the wail of it. It runs something like this

Alone upon the house tops, to the north I turn and watch the lightning in the sky—The glamour of thy footsteps in the north. Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid; Far, far below the weary camels lie—The camels and the captives of thy raid. Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years. And drudge of all my father's house am I. My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears. Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

As the song stopped Trejago stepped up under the grating and whispered, "I am here."

Bisesa was good to look upon. That night was the beginning of many strange things and of a double life so wild that Trejago today some-

times wonders if it were not all a dream. Bisesa or her old handmaiden who had thrown the object letter had detached the heavy grating from the brickwork of the wall, so that the window slid inside, leaving only a square of raw masonry into which an active man might climb.

In the daytime Trejago drove through his routine of office work or put on his calling clothes and called on the ladies of the station, wondering how long they would know him if they knew of poor little Bisesa. At night, when all the city was still, came the walk under the evil smelling boorka, the patrol through Jitha Megji's bazaar, the quick turn into Amir Nath's gully between the sleeping cattle and the dead walls, and then, last of all, Bisesa and the deep, even breathing of the old woman who slept outside the door of the bare little room that Durga Charan allotted to his sister's daughter. Who or what Durga Charan was Trejago never inquired. And why in the world he was not discovered and knifed never occurred to him till his madness was over, and Bisesa—But this comes later.

Bisesa was an endless delight to Trejago. She was as ignorant as a bird, and her distorted versions of the rumors from the outside world that had reached her in her room amused Trejago almost as much as her lisp attempts to pronounce his name—Christopher. The first syllable was always more than she could manage, and she made funny little gestures with her rose leaf hands, as one throwing the name away, and then, kneeling before Trejago, asked him, exactly as an English woman would do, if he were sure he loved her. Trejago swore that he loved her more than any one else in the world, which was true.

After a month of this folly the exigencies of his other life compelled Trejago to be especially attentive to a lady of his acquaintance. The news flew in the usual mysterious fashion from month to month till Bisesa's duenna heard of it and told Bisesa. The child was so troubled that she did the housework evilly and was beaten by Durga Charan's wife in consequence.

A week later Bisesa taxed Trejago with the flirtation. She understood no gradations and spoke openly. Trejago laughed, and Bisesa stamped her little feet—little feet, light as marigold flowers, that could lie in the palm of a man's one hand.

Much that is written about "oriental passion and impulsiveness" is exaggerated and compiled at secondhand, but a little of it is true, and when an Englishman finds that little it is quite as startling as any passion in his own proper life. Bisesa raged and stormed and finally threatened to kill herself if Trejago did not at once drop the alien mementos which had come between them.

Trejago tried to explain and to show her that she did not understand these things from a western standpoint. Bisesa drew herself up and said simply:

"I do not. I know only this—it is not good that I should have made you dearer than my own heart to me, sahib."

You are an Englishman. I am only a black girl"—she was fairer than bar gold in the mint—"and the widow of a black man."

Then she sobbed and said: "But, on my soul and my mother's soul, I love you. There shall no harm come to you whatever happens to me."

Trejago argued with the child and tried to soothe her, but she seemed quite unreasonably disturbed. Nothing would satisfy her save that all relations between them should end. He was to go away at once. And he went. As he dropped out at the window she kissed his forehead twice, and he walked home wondering.

A week, and then three weeks, passed without a sign from Bisesa. Trejago, thinking that the rupture had lasted quite long enough, went down to Amir Nath's gully for the fifth time in the three weeks, hoping that his rap at the sill of the shifting grating would be answered. He was not disappointed.

There was a young moon, and one stream of light fell down into Amir Nath's gully and struck the grating, which was drawn away as he knocked. From the black dark Bisesa held out her arms into the moonlight. Both hands had been cut off at the wrists, and the stumps were nearly healed.

Then, as Bisesa bowed her head between her arms and sobbed, some one in the room grunted like a wild beast, and something sharp—knife, sword or spear—thrust at Trejago in his boorka. The stroke missed his body, but cut into one of the muscles of the groin, and he limped slightly from the wound for the rest of his days.

The grating went into its place. There was no sign whatever from inside the house, nothing but the moonlight strip on the high wall and the blackness of Amir Nath's gully behind.

The next thing Trejago remembers, after raging and shouting like a madman between those pitiless walls, is that he found himself near the river as the dawn was breaking, threw away his boorka and went home bareheaded.

What the tragedy was—whether Bisesa had in a fit of causeless despair told everything or the intrigue had been discovered and she tortured to tell, whether Durga Charan knew his name and what became of Bisesa—Trejago does not know to this day. Something horrible had happened, and the thought of what it must have been comes upon Trejago in the night now and again and keeps him company till the morning.

One special feature of the case is that he does not know where lies the front of Durga Charan's house. It may open on to a courtyard common to two or more houses or it may lie behind any one of the gates of Jitha Megji's bazaar. Trejago cannot tell. He cannot

get Bisesa—poor little Bisesa—back again. He has lost her in the city where each man's house is as guarded and as unknowable as the grave, and the grating that opens into Amir Nath's gully has been walled up.

But Trejago pays his calls regularly and is reckoned a very decent sort of man.

There is nothing peculiar about him, except a slight stiffness, caused by a riding strain, in the right leg.

Gambler's Will Use Wireless Telegraphy

Chicago, Jan. 19.—Science is coming to the aid of the homeless gambler, driven from Chicago by police edicts against poolselling and threatened with banishment from Cook county in an order issued by Sheriff Magerstadt. Investigations are now under way with a view to adapting wireless telegraphy to the use of the poolseller.

If the plan is found to be feasible the troubles of the gamblers are at an end, for the scheme under consideration contemplates the establishment of a floating poolroom on the lake outside the jurisdiction of municipal and county authorities, and if the occasion requires, beyond the power of State officials.

Just how far the experiments have been conducted is not known, but ever since communication was established between a downtown building and a tug far out on the lake, wireless telegraphy has been a topic of more than passing interest to the gamblers.

Now that they feel they are being crowded out, their hopes are turning in the direction of lake excursions on big passenger steamers equipped with all of the paraphernalia of the poolroom and in touch with returns from the race track by means of the new telegraphic system.

It is only a couple of years since the plan was brought to public attention in the East for a floating Monte Carlo designed for the ocean. The scheme fell through for some reason, but gamblers say it would have been an easy winner if they had such advantages as the boys will enjoy with wireless telegraphy.

Not only do gamblers believe that they will be immune from the law, but they look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the discomfort of wire-tappers and others of that ilk, who will be irreparably handicapped, they say.

OCEANIC'S BANNER YEAR.

San Francisco, Jan. 23.—It is thought that the first of the new large steamers of the Oceanic line, plying from San Francisco to Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney, will be launched at the Cramps' yards in a few days. According to the report made by President John D. Spreckels to the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oceanic Steamship Company yesterday, she should arrive here and commence running on June 13th, followed two months later by the last of the additions to the fleet. After they have been placed in service, the steamers Alameda and Mariposa will be withdrawn in turn for the installation of their new boilers and machinery. Referring to mail subsidies the president said it had been proposed to the New Zealand Government to pay the Oceanic Steamship Company £30,000 a year in consideration of the company giving seventeen trips per annum with the new steamers as against thirteen with the three vessels in present use.

If accepted, as expected, the Oceanic steamships will sail for Australia every three weeks instead of every four weeks, as at present, and will necessarily make better time between this city, Auckland and Sydney.

The financial statement presented by the president, supplemented by the report of the secretary, was the best in the history of the Oceanic Steamship Company. The total net earnings of the last year were \$374,747.75, being an increase of \$49,190.05 over those of 1898. Deducting the earnings of the Zealandia as a Government transport, amounting to \$95,569.35, from the net earnings, those from regular trade were \$279,178.40, an increase of \$101,401.64, or about 63 per cent over the regular trade earnings of 1898.

AN OBVIOUS NUISANCE.

A heap of broken cases, plastered and stencilled with legends testifying that their once contents had been "appraised" and "fumigated," has for several days now encumbered the sidewalk in front of a Chinese store next to Dr. Augur's office in Beretania street. It is supposed that the irregularly stored merchandise found in original packages at that store has been carted away to a regular fumigated goods warehouse, and the Board of Health warehouseman having charge of that work told a reporter on Tuesday that the stuff found removed from the cases would likely be burned.

Amongst the stock seen in the store are quantities of provisions such as hams and dried fish, and if there was danger from the misplaced merchandise an important question comes up as to the harmlessness of those food articles. Anyway, whatever is done with the goods, packed or unpacked, the dilapidated cases are neither a useful nor an inoffensive adornment of the public sidewalk.

Some people who pass that way are exacting enough in mind to suppose that everything inside and about the store, and even if necessary the whole building to boot, might have been removed inside of the three days since the authorities began to act upon the matter.

Boarder's and livery rigs delivered and called for at all hours. King Street Stables.



The Old Bell at Sumaya, Ladrone Islands. Cast in 1880. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Mele."



A Native House in the Ladrone Islands. Drawn from an illustration in "On to Mele."